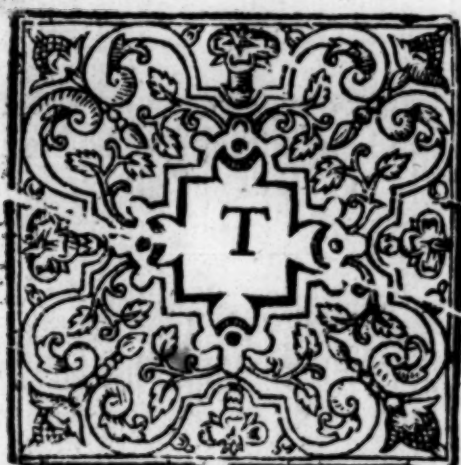


THE PETITION OF THE Mayor and Inhabitants of GRAVESEND, TO THE HONORABLE CITY of LONDON:

SHEWETH,



That now at last, the long expected Plate-Fleet is safely arrived at this Town, and having undone the Spaniard, is in a fair probability to ruine this place: The which Cargo and Lading is Chalk, which is Landed and Ware-housed in every house throughout this Port, to [our exceeding rejoycing and utmost content.

That we are of opinion, this place should be called the *Worlds-End*; for this must needs be the *Day of Judgement* upon us, for all our former Unconscionable Reckonings and Extortion. This is a second *Ninive* to which the *Jonas's* cry Repentance; and so we would, but that their hearts are so hardned, they will run on the Score Everlastingly.

A Seaman without Money, is as great a Paradox, and a more perplexing Riddle to us, then all the late Intricacies of State are pregnant: Would to God we had some of the Qualifications here with us, we would make use of them; for now every pitiful Saylor thinks himself fit, and ought to be trusted in the grand Concernments of Life, Eating and Drinking.

Was there ever such a thing known, as a Navy of the Kingdom to lie sucking our Block-Houses? That Devillish Committee of Safety made this the *New Mode*; their Sins and Exorbitant Practices must be landed at our Doors, and we must expiate their Extravagancies, with Want and Indigencie: Every one here pretends to be the Commonwealth Searcher, and will pry into our Cupboards; we have forgot the word *Cocquet*, and are for the backside of the Book, we are all cleared, and are Kentish Gentlemen: Adieu *Custom-House*, we are to be redeemed by the *Navy-Office*; for here is nothing but Ballast and Guns, that makes us appear like the Siege of *Cales*.

God Bless the Collier-Trade, for there's no hope of any other Merchandizing; when that Fleet arrives, we intend to stay it, and make an *Embargo*, till we have Reparation and Amendment.

Be advised therefore, upon consideration of the Premises, to forthwith expedite the payment of the Assessment, for the present maintenance of the Fleet, as you will answer the contrary at your pleasure; or else send for the Ships up, and receive them for Pageants at your next great Magnificent Show, or Bulge them and break them up, and let the broken Timber repair your Gates; let that and the Walls of the Kingdom make up your Breeches.

And your Petitioners shall ever pray, &c.

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